THE MATRIMONAL GARLAND,

Containing ſeveral Excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. The Comforts of Matrimony; or, The Wife's Complaint of her Husband.
II. The Huſband's kind Anſwer and Reſolution of Amendment.
III. Love and Beauty.
IV. The Young Lady's Eſcape.
V. The Seaſonable Admonition.

Licenced and enter'd according to Order.

The Matrimonial Garland.

The COMFORTS *of* MATRIMONY.

Tune of, Never be drunk again.

THeſe ſeven long Years I've been wed,
But I wiſh that I'd ſtill been a Maid,
For Charges are now coming on,
And my Husband works none at his Trade;
Beſides, I can ne'er give Content,
Let me labour and toil all I can:
A Woman can ne'er live at reſt,
When once ſhe is ty'd to a Man.

He told me before I was marry'd,
He'd keep me both gallant and gay;
He ſaid ev'ry Night I ſhould go
Abroad to a Ball or a Play:
He promis'd to keep me a Maid,
That my Buſineſs all ſhould be done.
A Woman can, &c.

Inſtead of my gallant Attire,
The which he was for me to buy,
My Cloaths are all pawn'd from my Back,
The Wants of my Houſe to ſupply:

If

If to him I make my Complaint,
In a Paſſion himſelf he will fling,
And ſays, *You bold impudent Strumpet,*
You ſpend all my Money in Gin.

I am forc'd to get up in the Morn,
And to labour and toil all the Day;
Then at Night I have Supper to dreſs,
And the Brats to get out of the Way:
My Husband to fetch from the Ale-houſe,
To get him to Bed when I've done,
And this is the Life you muſt lead,
When once you are ty'd to a Man.

If his Diet his Fancy don't pleaſe,
Then the Victuals he'll kick on the Floor,
And he bids me turn out and be hang'd,
To-morrow to work for ſome more;
If I chance for to ſpeak but a Word,
Like a 'Prentice I am ſure to be bang'd.
A Woman can, &c.

If I to the Ale-houſe do go,
To call my Love home to his Bed,
Then the Landlady looks at my Rags,
And diſdainfully toſſes her Head;
She calls me a ſlubberly Jade,
And tells me I ſhall not come there,
For I'm a Diſgrace to her Houſe,
For my Cuſtom ſhe little doth care.

Then

Then my Heart's full of Sorrow and Care,
Home to my poor Babies I go,
My Sot he comes ſtaggering home
Perhaps at the Hour of Two;
Then he ſpews all about on the Floor,
All the Night in the ſame will he lie;
Thus I with a Husband am bleſt,
Girls, will you be wed by and by?

If Men would be merry and wiſe,
And ſave but the Money they ſpend
To make much of their Children and Wives,
They would find it beſt in the End:
The Ale-houſe-men's Wives would not be
So great with their Lockets and Rings,
But the Folly of many poor Men
Doth furniſh them with theſe fine Things.

They truſted my Husband a Score,
And when that his Work it came on,
All the Money that ever he got,
Away to the Ale-houſe did run;
When his Work it did fall off again,
And could get no Money to pay,
They knap'd him for what was behind,
And to Priſon they pack'd him away.

Then his Friends they did go to perſwade
Them for to give him a Diſcharge,

No, no, Sir, the Landlady cry'd,
Let him die and be hang'd, or be ſtarv'd;
For before he doth come out of Jail,
My Money I'll have ev'ry Groat,
Boys, this is the Way of them all,
Wit never is good till 'tis bought.

Then his Whores and his jovial Companions,
Forſook him all in his Diſtreſs,
And then to his Wife which he ſcorn'd,
He was forc'd for to make his Addreſs;
But tho' he has us'd me thus ill,
I will act the Part of a Wife,
A Comfort I'll be to him ſtill,
And ſuccour him while I have Life.

The HUSBAND's *kind* ANSWER.

COme hither, thou Joy of my Life,
Good News I have got for to tell,
Now the Act of Grace it is come,
When I've got my Freedom again:
I will promiſe, my Joy and my Dear,
More careful I'll be of my Store,
For Wit I have bought it full dear,
And now I will do ſo no more.

All Things I will now make Amends,
When I from my Debts do get clear,

Ill Company then I will ſhun,
Ev'ry Night I'll come home to my Dear;
I'll lay up for a cold Winter's Day,
More careful I'll be of my Store;
For Wit I have bought it full dear,
But now I will do ſo no more.

Let the Ale-houſe-men work and be hang'd,
For no more they ſhall get me to Jail,
He that has a kind loving Wife,
Is beſt when all Things they do fail;
A good Woman ſhe ought to be priz'd,
She's a Jewel Men ought to adore;
For Wit I have bought it full dear,
But now I will do ſo no more.

Love and Beauty.

TELL me, dear Charmer, tell me why,
All other Joys ſo quickly die;
All but the Joys of loving thee,
And they alone immortal be:
They neither dull the Mind or Senſe,
Nor looſe their pleaſing Influence.

For ever I with fierce Deſire,
Cou'd gaze on thee, and never tire;
My raviſh'd Ears could all Day long
Feaſt on the Muſick of thy Tongue,

And when that fails, I ſtill in you
Can ſomething find that's always new.

The Young Lady's Eſcape; or, Love and Gallantry preferr'd to a Nunnery.

THO' late I was a Nun moſt pure,
I now am alter'd quite-a;
A Cloyſter I'll no more endure,
Or ſay my Prayers i'th' Night-a:
In warmer Work the Hours I'll ſpend,
Nor to a Prieſt give Ear-a,
Tho' to Religion ſome pretend,
A young Gallant is dearer.

My Cloaths were once of Linen clean,
But now they're Silk moſt gay-a,
For ſince the courtly Dames I've ſeen,
I'll be as fine as they are:
Old Father *Girards* I'll deſpiſe,
Nor to their Rules incline-a;
I'll love but thoſe, who ſay my Eyes,
The riſing Sun outſhine-a.

To Church, alas! I'll never go,
Nor at Confeſſion kneel-a;
But at the Play I'll hear ſome Beau,
His tender Paſſion tell-a:

Since

Since Maids ſuch Pleaſure here partake,
Who would be then confin'd-a,
I do not doubt but Time will make
Each Veſtal of my Mind-a.

The Seaſonable Admonition.

PRITHEE, Nelly, no more of my proving unkind,
Uncertain as Water, and changing as Wind;
As the Seaſons inconſtant, inclement as Air;
But hearken to Reaſon, then die or deſpair.

Do but look in your Glaſs each Morning you riſe
How faint and how languid the Darts in your Eyes;
No more on your Cheeks is the beautiful Glow,
Of the Roſe's Vermilion, commix'd with the Snow.

Thoſe Lips which were wont ſuch Sweetneſs to yield
That they rival'd the Fragrance of Garden and Field;
No languid and pale, can no longer excite,
For Paſſion grows dead when you ceaſe to delight.

Old Age with his Wrinkles hath furrow'd your Face,
The Bloom is quite wither'd that once gave you Grace;
Then no longer expect Adoration from me,
But keep cloſe to your Prayer-book, and turn Devotee.

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FINIS.